

Strange News from
SO-HOE:
OR THE
BRICK-MAKERS
TURNED
JUDGES.

Being a true and exact Relation of the
Tryal, Condemnation, and near Execution of
Richard Lambeth of *Fulham* Brickmaker, on
Munday the 11. of *August* 1672.

Which may serve as a warning to all others, not
to presume to play with Authority.

To which is now added, the Brick-
makers Examination and Answers at
Hickes-Hall, the 6 and 9. of this pre-
sent *September*, 1672.

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Strange News from

SO-HO

OR THE

BRICK-K-M-A-K-E-R-S

THEIR

WIVES

Being a true and exact Relation of the

First Condemnation and Execution of

A hard Labour of a Brickmaker, on

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To which is now added the Brick-

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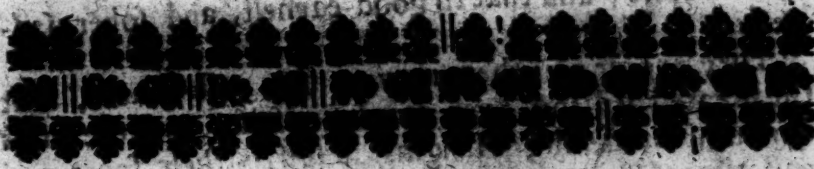
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Strange News from

S O - H O E;
 OR THE
BRICK-MAKERS
 TURNED
J U D G E S.



IT is observed, no sort of Men have troubled the Magistrate with their villainies, like the labouring sort, in and about the City; they being for the most part Irreligious, Barbarous, and sottish Animals, who are not capable of instruction, or correction for amendment; But after they have committed all manner of Crimes, and run the Gantelope of all the Degrees of punishment, from the Stocks to the

the Gallows, and that in good earnest, and sober sadness.

They are far past them now, as men past Grace, that the greatest Villany, even murder it self, and the most ignominious death; Hanging it self is their sport and past-time; They can play the fool with the Life of a Man, and say they are in sport.

Though every day hath its instances of this kind, yet none of such a remark, as that of *Richard Lambeth of Fulham*, Brick-maker, whom they Accused, Condemned, and almost Murdered.

The Story is thus related: One of them having lost his Bread and Cheese, (a thing in his account of more true value and worth then any mans life,) he by a hideous out-cry, raised the rest of the Workmen, who were very much concerned at it, as for a matter of Life: None confessing, they called a Court among themselves, and resolved to accuse *Richard* as the most suspicious fellow. *Hungry Dick* was called to the Bar, and being Arraigned, Evidence was brought in against him, as an hungry and suspicious fellow, and the likeliest of all others to be guilty, and therefore ought to be condemned because suspected: and forthwith they chose a Judge (an old tattered fellow, that resembled one in a farr'd Gown; and a Jury (of as very Rogues as ever sat on a form), and a Cryer, with a wider mouth then the *Place-man* of Saint *Gylles*; and the Jury being sworn upon a Brick-bat, the Judge being set upon a Wheel-barrow, and the Court called by the said Cryer, the Prisoner was called, and then he was convicted by them as a simple fellow, and therefore a Traitor. They swore first against him, how that he should say that the Kings Daughters were hollow; for which that

that Grave Judge (a man of above three score and ten years of age) gave Sentence, that he should be set up against a Brick Wall, with one hand spread open, and then to be shot through that hand with a Rosted Apple, and afterwards to eat the same Apple; at this he was not much danted: But then comes in another witness, (so hard was this poor mans fate) and frankly offers to take his Oath upon a Brick bat, that he the said *Richard* should say that the Kings Hawk had no more soul then an Owle.

This the Judges took into mature consideration, and after long debate, the Jury brought in many Instances of dangerous consequences, as of *James Naylour*, *Beddle*, *Habs*, and others, for broaching such Tenets, and did agree that the words were of very dangerous consequence, the Judge forthwith pronounced Sentence against him, as followeth:

That he the said *Richard Lambeth* should be immediately drawn from thence to the place of Execution, viz. *Tyburn* there to be hanged, (not giving him the least time to repent for all those his hainous crimes) because these rude fellows never knew what Repentance was: they never use to go to any Church, but where the greasie Hostes is the Parson, and the Black-pot the Hour-glass, where they continue all that whole day of rest, spending what they get on the six working days, they never take care for Cloaths, so they have but any Lowzey Rags to hide their rotten Members; A Clay-cart was presently made ready, and Officers of their own ganges chosen as Sergants ready to wait upon the Prisoner to the place of Execution, each of them having a Fagot-

Stick.

stick in their hands instead of holbarts; the pretended Ordinary sat in the Cart by the Prisoner, with a Brick bat in his hand, which he called his Book, often offering the same to the Prisoner, to say his Prayers out of it, (for these Rogues know not what prayer means) for they never pray either within Book, or without Book.

When they came at the place of Execution, he was presently tyed up by the Hang-man, one of their own crew, a fellow that one would have thought should have dreaded that place; had it been for nothing else, but for that his own Father was hanged there.

The Ordinary not knowing what a Psalm of David was, pulls out of his Pocket a Ballad, which he had took from off an Ale-house wall (intituled *Doll and Roger*;) and that he sung instead of the penitential Psalm, which being ended, the Prisoner was turn'd of the Cart in earnest.

While this poor man was thus hanging, it happen'd one of his Majesties Gromes came by, and seeing a mad crew together, and one hanging on the Gallows, he asked what the matter was, and understanding the mad frolick, he pulled a Warrant out of his Pocket, which he had to fetch a Constable out of the Countrey, telling them that it was a Reprieve; while he was thus arguing with them the Roap broke, and poor *Richard* dropped down, not quiet dead; presently this mad crew made away, and there is but two of them as yet taken, the one of them one of the pretended Judges, and an other of the pretended Jury; both which were carried before Sir *William Poltney*, one of his Majesties Justices of the Peace;

one

(7)
one of them found Bail, but the other was committed to
New Prison at Clerkenwell, the Kings Groom was one of
the witnesses against them.

There is a strict inquiry made after the rest of this
Low Court of Injustice, but as yet there is no more of
them taken, they having left their Habitations and Em-
ployments, but it is like n^o at the next Sessions we may
give you all their names, and a better account of them
all.

**The Examination of the Brick-
makers (taken before his Majesties Jus-
tices of the Peace for Middlesex) at Hickers-
Hall in St. John-Street, on Fryday the
6th and Monday the 9th of September,
1672. Upon a B I L L of Indignment
o^r a Riot made upon Richard Lambeth.**

One of the Justices said to Richard Lambeth,
Come Mr. Judge, did you give Sentence of Death
in that Scarlet Robe: (He having on a Red Waist-
coat) He Answered it is my Waistcoat I work in,
and I did not concern my self, and I am not guilty.

Justice. Come Mr. Shreiff what say you, you are a
Principal man in a County, did you Impannel a good
Jury or not?

The

(8)

The Pretended Shreiff of So-hoe Replies.

Sir I am no Shreiff, nor I was not concern'd with them, the Hangman did the worst of all, and I am not guilty.

Justice. Come *Lambeth*, what say you.

Lambeth. They said they would Hang me first and Judge me afterwards.

Justice. What did they say it was for?

Lambeth. They said, that I should say that the Kings Horses bellies were stuffed so full of Hot half-penny-loaves and Butter, they could not run a Race, but lost all: And that the Kings Horses was Shod with Iron: And that the Kings Goosshawke had no more soul than an Owle: And that the Kings Drums were hollow: which they said was Treason, and they would Hang me for it.

The Kings Groom made Oath before the Bench, that when he came and saw a Man hanging on the Gallows, he told them that he had a Reprieve: they answered, that it was too late, he had received Sentence of death by Order of the Court, and he should dye.

One of the pretended Judges, the Shreiff, and two of the Jury, are now in Newprison at *Clarkenwell*.

As soon as they have had their Tryals at the *Old Bailey*, I shall give you a fuller Account.

The Brick-makers, I bid them now Adieu,

Tyburn they love, and let them have their due.

